

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 1.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

NUMBER 39.

Christian Spiritualist,

PUBLISHED BY
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL
KNOWLEDGE,
At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

The CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST is published every Saturday
morning.
Terms—Two Dollars per year, payable within three months
in advance; or, one person sending us ten
copies for eighteen Dollars; or, one person sending us ten
subscribers will be entitled to a copy for one year.
SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents.

All business letters and communications should be addressed
to THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE,
or, EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST, No. 553 Broadway, New-
York.

A SCENE IN SPIRIT-LAND.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET, PURPORTING TO BE BY
MRS. HEMANS.

As the unclouded splendor of day is passing into the mellowed light of its sunset beauty, a band of happy Spirits were reposing beside a sparkling fountain, whose clear and pellucid waters reflect ten thousand colors of changing beauty as they sparkle in the ambient light. Flowers of immortal fragrance give forth sweet perfumes to the celestial air, and majestic trees whose foliage is of living green, spread out their arms inviting to repose and meditation. Birds of rare beauty whose notes give forth sweet music, such as is never heard by mortal ears, add a charm to the pure and happy scene. A low and gentle melody breathes upon the air. I look up, and behold a company of Spirits are approaching to join the ones already present. Their robes are bright and shining, and their countenances are radiant with the light which cometh from God. The wisdom of the holy presence sets upon each countenance, making it fair and peaceful to look upon, and yet they look gentle and loving. No shadow of earthly passions remains graven upon their seraph-faces. There is a glow of light, a gladdening, blissful feeling pervading the atmosphere in which they move. They are approaching the Spirits who are waiting to receive them. And now, they greet each other with a glad smile of welcome. A deep and unutterable joy seems to be welling up within each heart as it greets and welcomes the other. And those who have last come sit beside the fountain also, clasping each others' hands. They now bid each other recount to their companions the result of their labors, for they have been upon earth laboring earnestly and unceasingly, each in a different direction, and they now assemble to speak of that which they have accomplished as faithful workers, whose labor is that of love and undying hope in the redemption of their fellow-man. One says, beloved teacher the task which I had to fulfil was hard. I spoke the words of wisdom which were given me. I gave the lessons which were given me. Some would listen, and some would turn away unheeding, forgetting that truth could come through other than those who were clad with authority which the law giveth. But some hungry souls who were thirsty for a draught of eternal truth received the words gladly and freely, and they became joyous in the knowledge of eternal and progressing wisdom. And when the jewels are gathered together, the beauty of their Spirits will be drops in the cup of my gladness. And another said, I went to earth full of mighty resolutions to do the will of my Father, to turn the hearts of men from mammon, to the purifying and ennobling influence of the knowledge of the love of God to them through the years of their past forgetfulness, their slumbering unconsciousness. And I thought I would speak with the voice of an entreating angel, that I would stir up the depths of their Spirits to see the darkness of their ways, the downward tendency of their paths. I approached the young; they would not hear me; their future was opening before them in rose-tinted colors, their passions and strengthening energies were gaining daily force from the reckless impulses which hurried them along; few would listen to my pleading voice, but as I came to my entreaties: "time enough, we are young, we are happy, we are striving to become leaders of the people, to rule the multitude, to sway the great mass, to step in the places of those who are daily going out from amongst us; curb not our ambition, clip not our soaring wings in their upward flight, but let us speed onward, ever onward, until we have reached the highest pinnacle of worldly ambition, and when all our wishes are satisfied, when our hearts no longer yearn and struggle for worldly aggrandizement, when we gain that for which we are laboring, then we will listen to your pleading voice, then we will put the world beneath our feet and turn our thoughts to Heaven." I passed from the young to the old. Some would hear me doubtfully, mistrusting the sound to be that of earth, so long had its delusive power enchainment their souls and kept them from all that was bright, that was fair or heavenly in their nature, that they could not raise their faith nor extend their grasp beyond the sphere where all their affinities were enshrined. Prayers they could utter with their lips, but they were not the fresh outgushing of the heart, but they were those which had been given by rote to be repeated as a form through other lips. It was sad to leave them so unbelieving and yet so needy, so ignorant of the life which they were soon to enter, and yet, O, kind and loving guide, I had to pass on; my precious time could not be thus wasted in talking to hearts of stone! The idols of gold and silver ever int, cepted the Spirit-forms, the Spirit-voice from their hearts, and verily, I said within my soul, "it is not well that men should grow old in forgetfulness of their higher and eternal life, for, as man's time becomes shorter upon the sphere where his heart hath its only abiding place, he would find

linger forever within the precincts which only seem to him as the brightest heaven which his soul can aspire to, and when the unwillingly leaves it, his soul finds no sympathy, no pleasure in the opening future before him." And I again spoke to the youth and said: O! young man or young maiden, pause and think; thy heart is warm and bounding, the flowers of thy youth are blooming brightly, and making thee glad in the sunlighted beauty of their gorgeous coloring; but the flowers of thy youth will perish, many of the hopes which thou wouldst realize will prove delusive, the vain shadows of thy own longing, and mock thee at last with bitter disappointment. Give ear now, to the appeal of love, hearken to the soft and pleading voice of angel-lips. Beings ethereal and pure, loving and anxious, surround thy youthful steps; turn, turn not away, shut not thy heart against their gentle influences, but lift up thine eyes and ask thy Father to be the guide of thy youth, and He will surround thee with such guides as will uphold thee in the hour of trial, and save thee from the great pitfall of temptation. And when thou art old, thou canst look upward with a brightening eye and a living knowledge that there is within thee a hope of eternal life strong and undying. And death shall not dim thy happiness, but it will open to thee the unveiled book, whose pages are all unfolding one after another to thy astonished soul, the infinite wisdom, the boundless and unchanging love of thy heavenly Father. And I tell thee, O beloved guide, that some did stop and harken to my voice, and I placed upon their brows a talisman of hope, a wreath of undying flowers, which only Spirits might see, and when they approached those hearts, they would draw near and call them blessed; for lo, the still small voice of love had found an echo within their hearts. I blessed them, and their pathways shall be angel-lighted, and they shall give to others consolation and comfort through their short journey of life on earth.

Another Spirit now speaks. It is a female.—Her eyes are meek and dove-like; tears have often bedewed her cheeks, and her Spirit hath been chastened and purified through suffering and great sorrow. She said: "O loving guide, I come back from my earth journey, thankful that God hath permitted so feeble and unworthy a Spirit to join hands with those who love the cause of their Father so well. My first mission was to seek out the sorrowing, the broken-hearted ones of earth. O! how many, how numberless they are, and how I wished that every tear which came forth from the fountains of my heart, could be turned into a blessing for them. I lingered about them long. I whispered to their hearts of peace and hope. I spoke to them of the place where all tears are wiped from the mourners' eyes, and when a sorrowing mother grieved for her child, I brought the idol of her heart, and set it before her, that it might point her upwards, and then, I told her that a link had been established between her and heaven, a sympathetic chord which would ever draw her there, but she must keep it untainted. She must not snap it asunder by the cares and engrossing loves of earth. Her heart grew more hoping, and now she is not without the strength of hope.

I then spoke to a sad and erring daughter, whose crushed and weary Spirit desired the rest of oblivion. Her hopes had once been lighted by the trusting faith of love, and her poor Spirit had learned to curse the name, to wish that it might be blotted forever out of the records of Heaven. A blight had fallen upon her young life. O, weary and sad were the upbraidings of her Spirit, when conscious at times of its true but degraded position. She would have counted death with her own hand, but the future was fearful, and when she had thrown herself prostrate upon the earth, I drew near and whispered to her poor lacerated, despairing soul words of hope beyond the grave. She could not at first hear me, but gradually a great quiet and peace fell upon her Spirit, and she thought she was in a dream, a dream of childhood and happiness, of innocence, and love. I bent over her shattered form, and spoke in whispers which her heart might hear. I told her of repentance upon earth, yea, and of hope beyond the earth.—With words of entreaty and soothing sympathy I gently led her Spirit into the paths of duty, of rectitude and virtue, where strength would be given her to live a repentant life. O, how she wept and wished she might die while the happy dream lasted. But she arose and went her way, resolving to profit by the warning which had been breathed to her Spirit. Her life now seemed of some worth, and as I left her, "friends" whose Spirits had long been unable to approach her, nestled close beside her. The work of healing had commenced in her heart, and with the assistance of Spirits, and of friends in the form who will receive her, she will yet rise up purified and blessed, and enter upon her Spirit-life with a hoping, throbbing joy, thanking God for His mercy, and meeting face to face with those bright beings, whose dewey breath, whose warm and striving hearts were exerted to raise her up.

And next, I visited the poor orphan, crying for bread, shivering with cold, uncared for and suffering. How cold and cheerless the life before that orphan! I looked, and near him were his parents sad and unhappy, because of the misery of their child. O, sad sight! there were none to give it bread, but the cold unwilling hand called charity, and on all sides were snares and pitfalls, everything to mislead the little wanderer, and nothing to cherish, to warm the little hungry heart with the fullness of affection, and no arm to protect from surrounding dangers. When night had come upon the earth, and no covering or scarce a shelter could be found by the little waif floating on its tempest-

tost bosom, I drew near and blessed the orphan; I pressed him to my heart, and prayed to my Father in heaven to send angel-guides to watch over the immortal germ, to influence some benevolent heart to cherish the little withering flower, to give it some bosom to which its little heart might nestle in the spring-time of its life and twine around hereafter with love and affection. I watched him while he slept in his infantile innocence and desolation, and I said: "I pray thee, O Father of the fatherless, to cast a strong bulwark about this innocent one, that he may live an upright and holy life, and learn to call thee his Father, and know thee as such forever." Many sympathetic Spirit-friends were gathered round the lone child, and each one resolved to do a part to assist in leading that child aright, through life's checkered path. He was conducted through the aid of Spirits to a sympathetic heart; the neglected one was cared for; a kindly hand was stretched forth, and the little one's head now slumbers beneath a friendly roof. Thou wilt say, gentle teacher, that my prayers were answered, unworthy as I am. Many, many scenes of suffering and of misery, of desolation, and disappointment were witnessed by me while my earth-journey lasted, and my Spirit shall watch through their lives the good work which was given me the power to begin, and I will bless and magnify the goodness of my Father for His unbounded mercy to me, and I shall stand ready to greet each one as they enter their Spirit-home, and tell them of what mercy and protecting care hath followed their lives; for they will yet shine bright and glowing with immortal purity among those who have been redeemed from sin and suffering through the love of the Father, and in the light of eternity shall our Spirit see what the little seed hath grown to, which was so small as to be almost unseen; its rays will become those of refulgent light and dazzling beauty, as time develops in its unceasing progress the immortal attributes which belong to each unfolding germ.

Another speaks who has left earth. I came, said he, to report my work as only begun. Lo, I have wandered up and down, and I've penetrated into the secret recesses of man's most hidden motives. I have stood in the sacred places of earth, where man does lip-homage to his Creator, and I've watched the word as it fell coldly and without power upon the hearts of those who heard it, for verily, pomp and circumstances are but the impressions of an hour, and the sound of many words but created a confusion where they were not understood or rightly applied. I found no resting place for the sole of my foot in the structures which had been erected by the hand of man, as the altar whence his prayers should ascend to heaven as a sweet incense before the throne of God. The cold and heavy atmosphere oppressed and retarded my ardor, and with difficulty I penetrated the gross element which was filled with so many thoughts whose birth was of earth. Sad and dispirited, I sought a willing ear somewhere else. I sought the home of the lowly. I approached the couch of the suffering, and verily, they received me, they repelled me not, but with heartfelt tears they received the comforting influence from my Spirit to theirs, and where the humble and upright man spoke forth the thoughts which come freighted with truth and everlasting light of heaven I stood by, and breathed strength, and hope, and comfort to his soul. For the simple and honest child of Nature was more receptive, more congenial to the influences of indwelling light than those whom forms, and ceremonies, and outward garbs of piety had surrounded by their gross and heaven-defying influence. Where mirth and revelry, the dance and song, where wine and all its exciting influences held their sway, my voice could not be heard, my footsteps were turned aside. Sad and dispirited, I left the scene of mirth and revelry. I sought the lowly cabin of the poor, the oppressed child of slavery, and as he breathed his simple prayer, a Spirit stood by, and took it up and laid it before the Father's throne as a sweet smelling incense of gratitude. I said, "pray on, hope on, poor slave; thy bondage is of earth, not of heaven; thy poor bleeding heart will be freer and brighter and far happier in the Spirit-home than the one who calls thee slave and lashes thee with many stripes of suffering. My Spirit grew glad as I gazed; I grew stronger to proceed on my mission of love. And then, I beheld another poor, ignorant, untaught child of slavery, whose heart had never been taught other than bitter and resentful feelings, the springs of whose love had been turned into streams of hate, because of the oppression of the task master, because of the chains which cut the flesh and the bonds which held the soul down on a level with the brute. O, sad and dreary picture! I strove to breathe some hope, some comfort into the poor wayward desponding heart. I whispered, "child of toil and captivity, there is a brighter sun shining for thee beyond the starry heavens; there are peaceful homes, placid and fair, where thou shalt yet rest thy weary limbs; there are angel-friends whom the fetters of earth no longer bind, waiting to welcome thee, and deck thee with flowers to cheer up thy sad and desponding Spirit." And they also thought they had a beautiful dream. And they wondered in their darkness if heaven was so beautiful a place, and if angels were so beautiful and bright. O, that low whisper, that softly breathed prayer, left an impress behind which no oppression can efface.

And I strove to approach those whom they call their masters. I strove, and would fain have moved their hearts with pity and charity. I would have besought them not to imprison the immortal Spirit which God hath made free. I appealed to their tenderness, and wished to move their Spirits

to act in accordance with the dictates of Nature; but the circumstances of custom and of law had riveted its chains so firmly about their hearts as to darken their better judgment and render them deaf to the appeals which their own hearts often unconsciously made to them. I blessed those who were gentle and kind to the flesh and blood which their money had purchased, and I prayed to my Father to open their hearts to the soft tones of His loving mercy, and make them the instruments of giving life eternal to those who were their bondsmen, for I saw that it was the sin of custom more than of necessity, and I said within my soul, when the heart hath been opened by the Spiritual unfolding of true light and loving practical works, they will see their error and the gentle persuasion of the still small voice from within will guide them aright, and the oppressed shall be cared for and lifted up, and their Spirits shall be made as fair and as pure, as trusting and loving in the simplicity of their faith as those who have raised them. Verily, the light of each good deed becomes a star of rejoicing in the home of the Spirit to greet it at its entrance. Therefore, beloved teacher, I come back from my mission hoping, for a power hath been breathed upon the people, a voice hath thrilled their hearts, a feeling unknown and undefined by mortals is pervading, is expanding the great beating, pulsing heart of humanity. It only shows a ripple here and there, but the ripples will grow into waves, and the winds will take up the story, and bear the glad tidings over the face of the earth. And so I returned rejoicing with exceeding great joy, happy to return and work out my part in the great struggle of right over all.

Another now speaks. Her floating robes sparkle in the soft and mellow light even as gems of beauty and rare brilliancy. Her brow is bound with a chaplet of lilies. Her voice is soft and musical as the tones of an æolian harp; its vibrations thrill through every listener as the touch of a fine-toned instrument. Yea, said she, I come from earth glad and rejoicing, my friends. They welcomed me with open hearts and outstretched hands; they clasped my Spirit-form to their hearts, for they knew me, they remembered my voice as in time of yore, and when I spoke of my home beyond the blue firmament and the twinkling stars, when I told them of the loving Father who permitted us to return to cheer and to comfort, to love, to guide and direct, they hailed my approach with joy unspeakable; their hearts became one great temple of rejoicing in their newly found life, for lo, they exclaimed! Heaven hath come to earth, and made earth seem bright and glad. It is within us, it is beyond us, it is all around us. And the mourners were comforted, and the sick were healed, and the doubting, faltering ones were gently led along by a hand which was strong and able to guide. And the glad tidings ran faster and swifter; it was taken up and conveyed from heart to heart, and all who responded to its call, were made partakers of a living joy forever within their reach. The veil was rent asunder which had kept the loving career of friends so long unfelt, so long unknown, whose labors are now being rewarded by being recognized and loved. And I told them also to beware of those who had left the earth sad and unhappy, whose influence had often unconsciously led them to commit errors at which their souls would shudder if they knew their source. I directed them to look up with the eye of trust, with the heart of entreaty, and love to their Father, to surround them with holy teachers, whose love and wisdom would lighten their pathway and make them a light unto others. I told them that truth born of God was a pure and beautiful gem, and wherever it found a resting place, wherever its bright flowers could blossom, it would beautify and strengthen, it would make the inner light of all hidden mysteries reveal themselves clear and undimmed to the inquiring soul, for what now seemed dark, enveloped in mists, and not perceived by the awakened soul, would in its unfolding progress become a source of infinite delight and awakening wisdom through the growth of that precious flower; and to them who received me, I gave the words which thou gavest me, and many Spirits joined with me, and blessed and hallowed the scene. It was divine and heavenly to behold Spirits and mortals mingling heart with heart, for I saw the earthly Spirit grow better and purer. I saw it become more expansive and loving, more like the little child before its heaven-born nature has been corrupted and corroded by the soul of selfishness. But it did not take from the brightness of the Spirit to give to the mortal, but greater power and stronger light overshadowed and surrounded the Spirit, that more might be given the mortal. The result of my mission to earth, kind teacher, is ended for the present, and if thou wilt but give us thy approving smile, if thou wilt place thy hand upon our heads and bless us with the Father's blessing, if thou wilt guide and direct our footsteps again among earth's children, we will return cheerful and glad, and as thou dost recede from our view, floating in the light of thy purity, we shall hear the soft and gentle murmur of thy voice still approving and upholding us with thy advice in the tasks which have been given us. Thou art great in wisdom, thou art benignant and kind, thy heart doth throb with every heavenly emotion which cometh from God, and we know that thou dost send thine influences to earth, and thy sympathies through us, who can mingle with earth's atmosphere when thou couldst not. Therefore, bless us holy ones forever. And furthermore, we shall labor unceasingly for the love of the Father, which cometh down through the channels of his mercy.

Dost thou see now, that the Spirits are parting each to go their respective ways, and dost thou hear the words which are spoken by the unfolded wisdom of those Spirits who have come from their bright but distant home to counsel and strengthen those whose task it hath been to develop and make useful in the sphere which they left, the labors which they are fitted to perform?

One speaks in a gentle yet commanding voice, and says: Thou hast done well, my children; thou hast been faithful and unwearied; each hath performed a part, and each hath given to earth some light, some awakening hope. In the name of the Father we bless thee; return upon thine angelic mission, and perform it well, the harvest is truly great, but the laborers are few; we will pray that the Lord of the harvest would send forth more laborers to gather up the jewels, to brush away the rough and unsightly covering which envelops many, that none may be lost or overlooked. Thy sympathies are still with earth; thy labors must be on earth until others are prepared to fill thy place, whose sympathies with it are closer than thine; meanwhile those chords which draw thee thither have drawn thy friends up to thee. And now labor for the reward which thou knowest is beyond, and when thine earthly mission is accomplished, the future shall be one bright vista of unfolding glories, and thou shalt be partakers of eternal light and wisdom, and bask forever in the sunlight of the smile of thy heavenly Father.

SLEEP.

"No man who sinks to sleep at night
Knows what his dreams shall be;
No man can tell what wonder-sight
His inner eye shall see."

[Epic of the Starry Heaven.]

"The Spiritual ministry of Night
Is all unknown. Day rules the seasons mind,
But Night the future Spirit doth unfold,
And through the silver palace-gates of light,
In dream and trance she bears the soul away
To the wide landscape of the inner day.
Her cities are the stars, and she delights
To lead mankind in vision through the deep,
Where angels their mild mysteries closely keep
From outer senses, she kindles up the light
That guide her guests in journeyings through the heaven;
The electric waves of ether beat them on;
Sheathed with fire their arrowy path is given,
Till they are bosomed in the horizon,
Where orbs of quiescence is the Spirit-Sun.
The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep;
And life's continuous current ever flows,
Whether to onward bliss the path is open,
Or languid glide in silence and repose.
And could one mortal tell of all he sees,
Recalling Night's close-curtained mysteries,
The breeze that bears to heaven man's common thought
Would bear such mighty gladness, and be fraught
With such entrancement, that the skies would thrill
In sympathy divine. One little rift
From the full cover of exterior bliss,
Floating through earth, would change earth's wilderness
Into a new Elysium; Heaven would smile
Familiar as the roses all the while."
[Lyric of the Morning Land.]

There are two great movements which in alternate succession rule and pervade all created Nature, the systolic and the diastolic. The contraction of the living heart, by which it forces outward the vital current, and its succeeding expansion, by which it draws backward within itself the returning streams, is the correspondence in the human form of this universal law. The ebb and flow of the great tides of the ocean, now flooding the shores and bays, and now withdrawing its waters into its own bosom, is a sublimer illustration of the same. And as all outward Nature is but the correspondence of Spiritual realities, a manifestation to the outward senses of the laws of Spiritual life, when once we have learned this language, Nature will be to us no longer mute and meaningless, but even the rudest and least perfect forms of matter find a tongue and speech in which to address mankind. Then truly there will be no speech nor language where the voice of Wisdom and the melody of Love will not be heard breaking their long silence and breathing forth their everlasting hymn to the quickened ear of each living Spirit.

Day wakens man to outward life. Morning with its breezy call summons to activity in the external sphere. And as each bird withdraws its bill from beneath its sheltering wing and pours forth its matin note, as the flowers unfold their glad leaves to the flushing beams, so man feels his Spirit drawn to his accustomed toil and finds trust content when performing his allotted labor. And thus onward through the hours of toil, growing ever more positive, more bent upon the accomplishment of his task, till the sun reaches his meridian height; but as that luminary declines in the calm West, and, one by one, the evening stars dot with their diamond points the azure cope of Night, a change, manifest even in the external organization, comes over the resolute and eager toiler of the morning. A milder divinity now seems to rule his destiny. A soft hand is laid upon his form.—Gently he is led to his couch of repose. An influence soothing and sweet comes like the falling dew. Each muscle is relaxed; his eye closes upon the outer world. His ear no longer drinks in each floating sound. The fragrance of a thousand flowers in vain unlock their perfumes. As outward consciousness and memory fade and become dim, the inner senses open. With noiseless step, serene and calm as Night's radiant queen or fairest stars, his Spirit-friends draw near. Now is their hour of gentlest sway. By day his outer will controlled and they poured forth in streaming influxes essential life and strength into each fibre of his form and organ of his mind; now the Spiritual efflux ebbs again towards its unbounded deep. By day our Spirit-friends come forth to us, by night we return to them. Societies vast and multitudinous as the congregated hosts of many armies receive us with open arms, enroll our names as one of theirs.—Then the germs of mighty deeds, hereafter to blossom into action and thoughts profound and keen, are inseminated into the chambers of the receptive

mind. Then deathless affections are kindled upon the heart's altars, and many a bereaved Spirit, lonely on earth, then clasps the object of its inmost love. Hand in hand they wander through Elysian fields of blessedness and peace.

Then, too, the mother, ever yearning towards her heart's darlings, left in a cold and friendless world, is often permitted to draw forth their Spirits and enfold once more in her longing arms the tender objects of her truest love. She leads them forth through meads of starry flowers and reposes with them on the green banks of slowly flowing streams; infusing many a sweet thought and pure sentiment into their minds and hearts, hereafter to flow forth in noble acts, or be shrined within as a source of serene and sweetest joy.

Thus parent and child, husband and wife, lover and beloved, meet in the realms of sleep; and those silent shades are forever vocal to the Spirit-ear with soft greetings, gentle responses and whispered consolation. By day we wander forth like hired laborers to our toilsome duties, and like them, spent and weary, we return home at evening, to mingle in dearer associations, and be refreshed by the gentle ministries of the cherished and beloved.

O Night, in thy close-curtained realms hearts meet
Whom Death hath severed. With thy ebony wings
Thou hoverest o'er a sorrow-stricken world;
And to the downy plumage of thy breast
Thou welcomest the sons of sorrow-torn;
Thou bathest in thy gentle dew no flowers
Alone. Healer of wounded hearts! 'tis thine
To pour the soothing balm. Thy reign is peace.

Could the mysteries of that world be fully revealed to us, could the treasures of the internal memory be poured into the external, the poorest would be rich in inward experiences. And yet as the Spiritual degree of man's mind becomes more and more opened, the external mind becomes more conscious of the interior life. And as man goes onward and upward in the pathway of a true and divine unfolding, (not in the spurious progression of a developed selfhood, which reigns in discordant spheres, and dazzles by its false glitter many unwary minds in the external,) he comes more and more into the possession of that eternal inheritance which the Father hath provided. And thus, as he is prepared for it, and can bear it, new wonders will be ever dawning upon his consciousness, till the earth-life becomes swallowed up in the divine.

"When the perfect man is come,
Earth and heaven shall be his home;
In alternate periods he
In them both shall seem and be.
Hence by night and earth by day
Shall he hold his wonder-way."

HERBERT.

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.—Let it not come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through the desolate chambers.

Your life paths may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury takes the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor.—Summer friends may forsake you, and the ungrateful pass you with scarce a look or word of compassion.

You may be found to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your Spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days," in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God had forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or sepipe sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your looks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of Spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

THE ANGLO SAXON.—Rev. Theodore Parker lately delivered a lecture in Cincinnati, from which the following is an extract:

The Anglo-Saxon statesman is a keen observer of facts, but knows and cares little for abstract truth or for genuine principles. The Anglo-Saxon has immense practical power, but little ideal—The Anglo-Saxon is more moral than pious. He observes forms, but is not devout. He formerly would not believe in the soul's immortality unless he could see a ghost, and now scarce will believe unless he can hear one.

